









Mystery of the air, "Conquered at last,"
With air togs on, the die is cast.
Now, he's o'er Newfoundland's shore.
The Radio is silent, will he reach the other shore? Zip! Radio signals come with a boom! From Ireland to England on he tore. Everything is still as the tomb. Lindbergh's o'er old Ireland's shore.

Mystery of the air, "Man's Air free at last. A lone vigil, a lonely night past.

Le Bourget Field - Paris, hears the news,
Millions are thrilled thru and thru. Three cheers! for the American winged Hero. His name will be preserved in History's care Hurrah! Hurrah! What a gay, wild furore Lindbergh, our brave Knight of the Air,

From France, in a Warship, like a Prince of the earth. Safe at last, in Uncle Sam's care, Lindbergh, our Lone Eagle of the Air. A flying Ambassador, what more could we ask? New York to Paris - in one hop he finds Mystery of the air, "Safe at last." That he has welded all nations with the "Tie that binds. Duty well done - back to the land of his birth

In Commemoration of Charles A. Lindbergh's Transacean High New York to Paris. May 21, 1927.





Mystery of the air, 'Riddle of the past,
Spirit of the Vikings, in his bosom fast.
On Roosevelt Field, he bids good-bye to Mother and friends, Spirit of St. Not knowing where the flight will end Up in the air, just at dawn, "We" couldn't be forlorn. Down the air field like a Louis to do her part; "Riddle of the past, boy on a "lark,

Mystery of the air, "Solved at last," A lone Air Man flying fast. At one hundred miles per hour he's on his way, Enveloping him like a shroud. Silver wings on high, up among the clouds, Where our Forefathers landed 300 years or more With only courage as his mainstay. indbergh glimpsed Cape Cod's historic shore,





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